

Cwtch

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Cwtch

by [JSinister32](#)

Summary

[06:42PM] **Hi Hannibal. I know it's a long shot, but is there any chance you have time for a session tonight?**

Unwilling to wait like a besotted school girl, Will tossed the phone onto the couch and padded to his room, his mind on the hot water of a shower. The ping that sounded turned his blood to ice in his veins. He willed himself to adjust the water temperature before walking calmly into the other room to retrieve his cell. The wait did nothing to calm his nerves. Hardly daring to hope, he unlocked the screen and read the message, heart in his throat.

[06:44PM] *Hello, Will. As it happens, I am fortuitously unoccupied for the evening. To what do I owe the pleasure of an additional session this week? -H*

A rough week leads to an advantageous opportunity to explore an alterative form of therapy.

Notes

NOTE: I do not allow translations or additional archiving locations. Please let me know if you find this work anywhere except AO3, posted by me. I hate adding this note, but I hate my work being stolen even more. Thank you for understanding.

Cwtch (n.) Welsh
*More than a cuddle or a hug;
When you give someone a cwtch,
You figuratively give them a 'safe space'.*

The first sip burned as much as Will expected it to, painful as he swallowed it down. Cheap whiskey was better than nothing, but he had every reason to doubt that it would do much to numb the aching pain he felt in his very bones. *Better than feeling. Emotions are not worth the trouble.* It had been a shitty day in a series of shitty days; more bodies piling up than he cared to count, his mind filled with the twisted darkness contained within others as he tried to see who they were before they could continue their havoc. The seeing hurt, feeling it hurt more, and at the end of the day, whiskey was better than therapy.

Therapy. I could always call... no. The profiler ran a hand through his hair, taking a decidedly smaller sip from the tumbler, letting the fire in his gut from the first drink settle before he swallowed. The alcohol hit his empty stomach, spreading a delicious numbness through his veins. It allowed him to contemplate things he wanted but didn't dare voice, desires that would make him feel as if he was losing his mind when he was sober. *Especially because he would laugh at you and then ask you in not so polite terms to get the hell out of his office. Don't even think on it.*

Reason seemed to leave him as the glass emptied, and by the second glass, he had almost gained enough bravery to come to a decision. The bottom of the glass had him reaching for his phone; he thumbed over to Hannibal's mobile number, opening the text window between them. Another sip emboldened him to formulate a semi coherent sentence. *What the hell. We're friends, right? He said I'm never bothering him. And I could really use someone to... talk to. Right.* Double checking the message, he downed the second tumbler of alcohol and pressed send, his heart pounding painfully in his chest.

[06:42PM] Hi Hannibal. I know it's a long shot, but is there any chance you have time for a session tonight?

Unwilling to wait like a besotted school girl, Will tossed the phone onto the couch and padded to his room, his mind on the hot water of a shower. The ping that sounded turned his blood to ice in his veins. He willed himself to adjust the water temperature before walking calmly into the other room to retrieve his cell. The wait did nothing to calm his nerves. Hardly daring to hope, he unlocked the screen and read the message, heart in his throat.

[06:44PM] Hello, Will. As it happens, I am fortuitously unoccupied for the evening. To what do I owe the pleasure of an additional session this week? -H

Will swallowed, his head spinning from the amount of alcohol now coursing through his veins. He closed his eyes and tried to remember why he wanted to see the doctor that

evening. *Besides your hopeless crush, he thought dismally. He's not going to be interested in your infatuation.*

[06:48PM] **This week really took it out of me, and I could use a chance to unload. I could really use a sympathetic ear. Is there a time that would work for you?**

The sound of the water hitting the tiles of his shower lured him back into the bedroom. Will set his phone on the counter and undressed quickly, stepping beneath the spray, wincing at the burn along his skin. He closed his eyes and ducked his head into the torrent of water, letting it beat down on him, easing the tension of the week from his body. The ping of his phone echoed off the tiles, announcing the arrival of a reply. Unable to wait, he wiped the water from his eyes and retrieved it from the counter, opening the string of messages impatiently.

[06:56PM] *Being that it is Friday evening, I must confess that I have no desire to remain in my office. However, I'd be happy to suggest an alternative. Would you care to dine with me at my home? I'd be happy to discuss your week with you. -H*

Will's entire body tingled, his heart pounding hard in his chest. He reread the message several times to ensure his alcohol addled mind was interpreting the message correctly. Each time, he came back with the same conclusion: Hannibal wanted him to come over and eat a meal with him. He had invited him to his home. An electric kind of awareness burned along his senses, wiping away the effects of the whiskey. Wiping his face with his hand, he began to type, his hands trembling.

[07:03PM] **Wow, really? Thank you, that would be fantastic. I'm currently taking a shower. I can leave in about 20 minutes?**

I also need to sober up some. Come on, hot water. Help me out. The message was seen right away. Will waited, watching the bubbles blink until another message filled his screen.

[07:05PM] *For heaven's sake, don't text in the shower. That will suit fine. I will send you my address. Enjoy your shower. Be sure to arrive with an appetite. -H*

Will blushed, his face flaming as he set his phone back down and climbed back into the shower. He took his time, washing his hair and scrubbing his body clean until the water started to cool. Only then did he step from the water, drying off with care. *Dinner at Hannibal's*, he thought, his stomach tightening pleasantly. *What should I wear?* Smiling at his own joke, he hung the towel on its rack and moved to his closet, praying he had something suitably impressive.

The meal was everything he could have hoped for; Italian fare, comforting in its familiarity, more flavorful than he could have come up with in an entire day relegated to the kitchen. Their food had consisted of a simple pasta dish with wild mushrooms and an obviously homemade red sauce, the accompanying salad light and acidic enough to balance the flavors of the rich sauce. Hannibal watched him eat with hooded eyes, taking small neat bites in between their conversation as if he could take or leave the food set before them. For as much as the man loved to eat, Will had the distinct feeling that it was the last thing on his mind at

the moment. Another low kind of hunger seemed to surround him, the air of the dining room heavy with unspoken anticipation. Will watched the doctor from beneath his lashes, his jeans tightening uncomfortably at the mere sound of his voice as Hannibal asked questions, supplying answers when necessary to keep the conversation moving along. He had never been so aware of another human being as he was now.

When they finished eating, they spent another twenty minutes finishing off their first bottle of wine, and another twenty working their way through half of a second. Eventually, Hannibal stood and stretched, closing his eyes long enough for Will to stare hungrily at the long lines of his body as he reached towards the heavens. The smile playing on Hannibal's lips made it clear that he knew exactly what he was doing, but Will didn't care. The wine was making his skin flush, their gazes across the table lingering as the bottles emptied into their glasses. The doctor took their now empty plates to the kitchen, waving off Will's feeble offers of assistance.

"You are a guest in my home, Will," he said, his voice low and darkly decadent. "Please, take your glass to the living room and have a seat by the fire. I will join you shortly." Unable to bring himself to argue, Will did as he was told, sinking into the soft, cream colored couch with a sigh. The material seemed to embrace his body, the fire lapping at his skin, filling him with a lingering warmth that radiated down through his body to his toes. Will closed his eyes and soaked in the warmth, letting his head rest against the back of the couch. He tried to remember a time in his life where he felt as at peace as he did in that moment. Fleeting images flickered across his vision, memories of other times with other people, but they remained as indistinct as smoke. *It doesn't matter. It's him. He does this to me.*

Strong hands descended on his shoulders, startling Will out of his reverie. His gasp of surprise turned to a groan as the hands began to massage, instinctively discovering the tension along the back of his neck, the knot in his shoulder. A gentle push guided him to lean forward, the hands behind him positioning him to get as much of his back as they could reach. Hannibal didn't speak, rather choosing to let his hands say what words might fail to express. Will let himself fall under their spell, his body wracked with waves of sensation as the doctor's skilled hands released what remained of his week from his body.

"What caused your week to get the better of you?" Hannibal asked as his hands slid along Will's spine. It took the other man a moment to answer; he was so enthralled in what Hannibal's was doing that at first, he didn't realize the doctor had spoken.

"The sheer amount of new cases," he groaned as the fingers dug into a knot they discovered. "Four- ah-"

"Go on," Hannibal murmured, amused. Will panted and fought for reason. The very idea that Hannibal had invited him over, fed him by candlelight, and was now massaging his back was bringing back his erection with a vengeance. Everything the other man did set his blood on fire; Will wanted everything he offered, even if it would ruin him. *Please, just keep touching me.*

"Four new killers, new bodies on an additional three pathologies we have seen before," he managed. "Two more shootings that were ruled as crimes of passion." Hannibal's hands

moved back up his shoulders, the dexterous fingers now winding their way through his hair. Will closed his eyes and tried to imagine something, anything that would prevent Hannibal from observing just how affected he was. The doctor massaged small circles into his scalp, unaware of the state of the man beneath his hands.

“I see,” he replied, his voice as deep as the firelight. “You seemed on the edge of breaking down when you messaged me.” Will nodded, dislodging the hands from his scalp. They wound their way to his neck, fingers so gentle, they raised every hair along the patch of skin he traced. *Christ, I’m not going to survive this if he keeps it up.*

“I- Oh-” Will could almost see Hannibal’s smile at his inability to keep his noises to himself.

“Yes?” the doctor purred. The fingers at his neck had wound their way back into his hair.

“I-Christ, Hannibal- That feels so good.” Hannibal tugged gently, tipping Will’s head back along the couch. He gazed up at the doctor, whose eyes had deepened to almost black in the firelight.

“I know you came here to unburden, but I have another way of relaxing you,” Hannibal offered, his voice light. “Something from which, I believe, we would both benefit. You want to shut down. I want to explore this obvious attraction between us.” The fingers in his hair tightened, pulling a startled moan from the profiler’s lips. He swallowed, embarrassed but intrigued. *Is he suggesting what I think he is? God, please. Anything. Everything.*

“What did you have in mind?” Will panted, his heart in his throat. Hannibal smiled, his teeth glinting in the firelight.

“Something I think we would both enjoy,” he replied. “I want to give you what you need, Will. What we both need.” Will’s eyes widened, but he nodded slowly.

“I- I want that,” he whispered. Hannibal’s eyes widened.

“You’re willing to follow my lead, although you don’t know what I want from you?” the doctor asked, incredulous. Will nodded again, feeling the tug on his hair.

“I trust you,” he replied, realizing with a lurch that it was true. In this moment, he’d let the other man lay waste to him completely, as long as they got to continue whatever this was. *I want you. Want your hands on my skin. Please.* Hannibal stepped back, gesturing for the other man to stand.

“Very well. Follow me. Let’s see what we can discover together.”

Hannibal’s room was cavernous, darkly elegant and masculine, much like its owner. Will took the opportunity to look around, taking in the clean lines of his furniture to quell his nerves. The massive black and white artwork above his bed, depicting a giant ocean wave, drew his attention. It was beautiful and powerful and perfectly balanced the dark wood and wrought iron bed over which it was hung. A fire already burned merrily in the fireplace in

the corner, casting deep shadows across much of the room's furnishings. Will couldn't take his eyes from the bed.

Hannibal stepped behind him, wrapping his arms around the profiler's slim waist. His lips found Will's ear, brushing it gently before he began to speak.

"I have often pictured you in the context of my bedroom, Will." The confession set off a bomb in Will's stomach, lighting him afire once more. Emboldened by the alcohol they had shared, he turned slowly, winding his arms around the doctor's neck, pressing his nose to the warm skin of his neck. Hannibal bit back a moan, but Will caught the hitch in his breath. *He's just as affected*, he marveled. *He wants me as much as I want him*. Slowly, he licked the warm skin offered to him. Hannibal's hands tightened as he fought to control his reactions. *Yes. Yes, yes.*

"What did you picture?" Will asked, his voice light. Hannibal's grip around his waist tightened, momentarily bringing their bodies flush. Will could feel the hard length of the doctor's excitement already pressing against his own. For a moment, his knees threatened to buckle at the sensation. *Want. I want him.*

"I would rather show you," Hannibal murmured, his hands sliding up to cup Will's face. Without hesitation, he brought their lips together, a maddening brush of satin that didn't last long enough for Will to process the fact that he had just been kissed. Hannibal had kissed him. A small sound of protest escaped his lips; he pulled the other man closer and claimed his mouth, the world going quiet around them as they explored. Will let the tip of his tongue peek out, gently testing the seam of Hannibal's lips. With a groan, the doctor deepened the kiss, licking his way into Will's mouth as if he was starving and Will was a feast to be savored.

He backed the profiler up until Will's back hit the door with a thud. Pinned between the wood and the man before him, Will gave himself over to the sensations offered to him. The doctor tugged the sweater over Will's head, his hands coming up to explore the skin now bared to his hands and mouth. Will struggled with the buttons of Hannibal's vest and shirt, frustrated noises escaping the back of his throat. Hannibal smiled, stilling so he could wrestle more easily with the clothing.

"Eager, darling?" he asked, his voice roughened with need. Will nodded, fighting another button open.

"Want you," he said, all semblance of control evaporating with the knowledge he was actually going to get to have the man before him. The shirt finally came open, offering Will softly tanned, warm skin to run his hands across. His touch was followed by his mouth, working his way across Hannibal's collar bones, trailing a wet path to each of his nipples to bite and lick. Hannibal panted, overwhelmed by the sudden onslaught of Will's skin hunger. Capturing the profiler's wandering hands, he dragged him to bed, pushing him down to lay so he could remove his jeans.

"You'll have what you want, darling... but not yet," he whispered. "You must earn it." Will's eyes caught his own, pupils blown wide.

“What do you have in mind?” he asked, his voice tight with need. Hannibal smiled and reached for his lips.

“Do you trust me?”

Three Months Later

The firelight barely filtered through the edges of the blindfold, licking the corners of his vision in a comforting wash of color. The material felt good against Will’s eyes, enough pressure to fit securely, obscuring his vision completely without feeling oppressive. When Hannibal had suggested it the first time, he thought he’d be afraid, unable to give up something so precious to him. Instead, he quickly discovered it brought him an unimaginable level comfort to take away something he need not rely on during their time together. He had come to crave their experiences in such a fashion, delighted in that very first moment. With his visual sensory input shut down completely, he could concentrate on more important things.

Like touch.

The ropes that bound his hands above his head to the bed were silken cords, allowing him to give himself over to the sensations offered up to him. He could test the strength of the binding with minute flexes in his arms and wrists, but he knew Hannibal well enough that, while not uncomfortable, the bindings would hold fast. He wasn’t going anywhere until he was released.

The sheets on his back felt cool and soft, a thread count so high, it was if he were laying upon the clouds. The bed was deep enough that he was cradled in its center, the fabric protecting him from the things he he wanted to fade away.

Hannibal trailed warm, oiled fingers along his body, relieving him of the last of his tension and trepidation. His bones felt as if they had turned to molten liquid at the other man’s expert touch. Their encounters always began like this; dinner, an almost frenzied removal of their clothes, and a new way for the doctor to help him shut his mind off. Will came into the experiences with open arms, knowing that Hannibal would take care of him in the way he needed. Tonight was no exception.

“Feel good, darling?” Hannibal whispered, laving at the skin beneath Will’s ear as he reached oiled fingers between his spread thighs. Will moaned, his body tensing as Hannibal found the knot of muscle at his entrance, gently circling it with a thumb.

“God-”

“Is not here to help you, I’m afraid.” The doctor, eased down to place a kiss on Will’s parted lips. “Alas, you’ll have to make do with me.” Hannibal eased the circling fingers into the roiling heat of Will’s body without a whisper of pain. The first time introduced them to what they could be; now, every chance they had, they spent it in bed, exploring what they could give each other. The slick fingers knew just how to press into the tight heat offered, working

Will open in long, languid strokes that tightened his breath in his throat. Hannibal circled Will's prostate expertly until his body wanted to heave apart with pleasure and need. The doctor still pushed him; Will knew instinctively that the other man would not take him until he was ready, until Will was a breath from begging for his cock. The circling fingers had already brought him to the brink of orgasm, only to draw him back. His cock lay throbbing and wholly ignored between them; Will knew from experience that it would take very little to tip him over the edge, especially when they had been working one another up throughout the day in anticipation for this moment.

Nobody else in the world had ever made him feel like this. Hannibal knew him better than he knew himself, and he reveled in the sweet agony the other man brought him. *If I am going to die, this is how I want to go.*

Taste had come with touch; the sweet, musky flavor of the doctor's flesh when Hannibal guided his thickened length to Will's lips, instructing him how to use his tongue, when to add pressure, when to release him. The tangy sweet flavor of precome trailing down from the crown of Hannibal's cock to his eager mouth burned across his heightened senses, making him moan with anticipation. Hannibal leaned down to kiss him, drink his tasted from the profiler's lips. The rich, smoky taste of the doctor's mouth rolled across his tongue as they kissed, the brush of their lips enhancing the delicious flavor. They kissed like they fucked; fire, passion, tenderness, and control, love and longing vying to be the center of their concentration.

The smell of Hannibal's aftershave filled Will's olfactory senses, a warm, masculine scent that had deepened at the doctor's throat while they flirted over dinner. The scent was enough to make Will whimper with need; he wanted to trace his lips and nose across the expanses of skin to which it had been applied. It commingled with the gentle smell of their lubricant and sweat, filling the room with an aroma that played through Will's mind for days after their encounters.

Of all of his heightened senses, his favorite was his hearing. There was nothing that compared to listening to Hannibal Lecter, modern genius and psychiatrist, fall apart for him. For all the physical pleasure he got from their couplings, it was overshadowed by the knowledge that it was he who managed to bring the same bone deep pleasure to the man whispering filthily in his ear.

"You're almost ready for me, darling," came the low, deep voice. The edge of need that rode the smooth tones roughened it; Will knew Hannibal was close to taking him. His entire body heaved with it, wanting to feel the doctor inside him more than he could remember wanting anything before Hannibal had come into his life. Whimpering, he wrapped his legs around as much of the other man as he could reach, trying to draw him closer. Hannibal chuckled, withdrawing his fingers at last.

"Eager tonight, aren't you?" he murmured, positioning himself at Will's entrance. The profiler knew better than to respond and instead lifted his hips in offering. The stretch that ensued cut his breath from his lungs, bringing a small moan to his lips. Hannibal filled him in one slow stroke; even with how well he had been prepared, Will always loved the biting moment of pain as he was taken, filled to the seams. Hannibal rested their foreheads

together, their breath mingling as he let the profiler adjust to the stretch. Their lips met, tongues flashing as Will nodded.

“You’re doing so well for me. Does it feel good? Feeling me fill you like this?” Before Will could reply, Hannibal began to move, slowly gliding in and out of the other man’s body as Will tried to catch his breath. The thickness of Hannibal’s cock inside him felt so good he wanted to expire. He wanted to tell Hannibal how perfect it was, but the words stuck in his throat, escaping as nothing more than a breathy moan. Lips found his own as Hannibal stole his breath, quickening the pace. The head of the doctor’s cock slammed into his prostrate with each thrust, sending shocks of pleasure cascading over Will’s body. The blindfold only increased the sensation, his heightened senses engulfed with the pleasure Hannibal offered him.

“Do you want to come, sweet?” came the voice above him. Will nodded eagerly. Hannibal wrapped a fist around the straining pink cock between them, kicking Will’s moans into cries. He fucked the profiler through the loose circle of his fist, drawing out the last of his pleasure as Will writhed beneath him. He could feel the orgasm barreling towards him, the bright waves of pleasure sparking up his spine in a tingling roil. He tried to call out a warning, but Hannibal, ever in tune with his needs, fucked him harder, tightening the sleeve of his hand around his cock.

The first peak broke Will into pieces, the waves of hot white pleasure crashing through him as he tried to find his voice. Hannibal drank his cries from his lips, slamming into his prostate, the tight peaks of sensation roiling over his body in bright white flashes of pleasure. Exhausted as he was, Will felt the moment when the doctor’s orgasm broke and managed to whisper sweet nonsense as he was filled. They lay in shocked silence for several minutes before Hannibal remembered his hands and untied him. The blindfold came off next, discarded onto the floor with their clothes. The doctor pulled him close, running a hand through Will’s hair.

“How does that get better every time?” Will asked, his voice hoarse from his cries. Hannibal laughed, kissing his forehead.

“We know one another now,” he replied, the edges of his voice tinged with sleep. “We can extract the maximum amount of pleasure from experiences like these when we are with a trusting, attentive partner. He lifted Will’s wrists to his lips and kissed them before examining the marks the ropes had left.

“You aren’t hurt, are you?” Will laughed and shook his head.

“No, not in the slightest. I rather like you tying me up and fucking the life from me.” Hannibal hid a grin in the profiler’s curls.

“You’re still alive, darling,” he reminded him. “I much prefer you that way.” The doctor rolled from bed, padding across the floor to the en suite. Will admired the graceful curves of his body as he moved; Hannibal was a work of art in motion. *Or any other time*, he mused as he joined him beneath the spray.

Hannibal held him, washing his body and stroking his hair until he had to practically pour him into bed. He turned off the light and climbed in bed beside the profiler, pulling him into the circle of his arms. Will rested his head against the doctor's chest, the room warm and comforting in the gentle glow of the fire.

"I don't know what I'd do without this. Without... you," he whispered. "You're my safe place." Hannibal's heart glowed. He pulled the other man closer and kissed the top of his head.

"We take care of one another, darling," he replied, his voice as soft as smoke. "There is nothing more important than the person that makes you feel like you're truly home." They drifted to sleep, relaxed, calm and protected in their embrace, the fire staving off the worst of the cold. As his mind shut down, Hannibal's last thought echoed happily in his head, taking him away to his dreams. *I wonder if it's too soon to ask him to move in.*

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